



THE WEATHER

Moderate SW'ly winds. Fair apart from isolated showers. At 1 pm at the Observatory the temp was 85 degrees F and the relative humid 80 per cent.

LATE FINAL

CHINA

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Comment of the day

CURB ON SPENDING

TODAY Britain will be told by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, what measures he intends to take to combat inflation and what curbs he will put on the country's spending spree.

The trouble is that Britons have been spending abroad millions more than they have earned from imports. Traditional sources of income, such as tourism, shipping and insurance, have all but disappeared and development of British industry has not kept pace with that of Europe.

The pressing need for austerity reverses the trend which reached a climax in 1959 when Britons received the welcome news that their taxes were being reduced on the very items which will be hit again.

The necessity to tighten the belt must be a bitter blow to Mr. Macmillan who took office when morale was at a low ebb following the Suez crisis and the country was staggering under a heavy load of debt.

SINCE the early part of this year the danger flags have been flying again and undoubtedly the Prime Minister and the Cabinet have had to decide on drastic measures, all of which will be unpalatable to the public.

At the beginning of the year the Government called upon the people for voluntary restraint in buying and wage demands.

Mr. Lloyd also warned that between 1958 and 1960 British exports had increased only half as much as Germany's and Sweden's and less than a third as much as France's, Italy's and Japan's.

Over an eight-year period British production has increased less than half as much as that of Continental Europe.

At the same time, as labour and production costs have been boosted, export prices have also increased to the extent that Britain is pricing herself out of the world markets.

LAST year the United States was faced with a similar situation. Alarmed over the steady outflow of its gold, the United States launched a vigorous campaign to "save the dollar".

It induced the major European Powers to reduce interest rates and thus discourage the flow of dollars into other currencies and it brought heavy pressure on her allies to take over a greater share of their foreign burden.

One of the steps which Britain can be expected to take is an appeal to West Germany to take over part of its burden of maintaining British troops in Europe and to fill a greater share of its military needs by purchases in Britain. Another step may be to increase the interest rate to encourage an inward flow of gold.

SUCH is the interlocking effect of world economies that what Britain does may have an effect on the allied nations.

The powerful Trades Union Congress has not helped matters by stating that a tough tax budget will upset its support for a national productivity drive. The implied threat of union action, is hardly conducive to welding management-worker relations and certainly does nothing towards creating harmonious atmosphere in a moment of crisis.

SENTENCED TO TWO YEARS IN CHURCH

Chicago, July 24. Judge Daniel E. Canel today sentenced a couple to go to church every Sunday for the next two years.

Police said they paid \$15 each to gain entrance to the basement of Martin W. Barrenche, 33, and his wife, Barbara, 32. They said they saw Mrs. Barrenche do a strip tease dance and watched two obscene films.

Judge Canel put the couple on two years' probation on condition that they join a church, attend regularly, and get their vicar to write the court a letter every month that he had seen the Barrenches in church.—UPI.

South India faces more floods

Madras, July 24. The three south Indian states of Madras, Kerala and Mysore were today threatened with a second wave of floods. In three weeks, following heavy rains over the past two days.

Reports reaching here said the rivers in the states were rising and peasants living in the threatened areas had been warned to leave.

Floods have already caused considerable damage in the three states. In the Tanjore district of Madras, 30,000 acres were still under water. In Mysore state more than 1,000 villages have been hit by floods in one district alone. In Kerala state low-lying areas in four districts in the north were under water.

WORST

This year's floods have been the worst to hit India in a decade, other states affected are Maharashtra, Orissa, Assam and the Punjab.

In New Delhi 17 persons were drowned yesterday when the boat carrying them sank in the flooded Jamuna River.

While there is still no overall estimate of the extent of loss of life and property, at least 241 persons have so far been reported killed and property valued at 250 million rupees damaged.—Reuters.

5 dead in UK road accidents

London, July 24. Five people were killed and over 30 injured in weekend road smash in Britain.

The worst accident was in Nottinghamshire, where a father, mother and daughter died instantly when their car was in collision with a lorry.

Ten other people were also taken to hospital after the accident in which a van had also been involved.

At Aldermaston, in Berkshire, two people were killed and seven people injured when three cars crashed at a crossroads. Eighteen people were treated for minor injuries when two coaches from Scotland crashed in north London.—China Mail Special.

old

new

old

U.S. NOT YET DECIDED ON OUTER MONGOLIA

Prepares for visit of two Nationalist leaders

Senate Ctee approves U.S. Foreign Aid Bill

Washington, July 24. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee today approved by 15 votes to four, President Kennedy's \$4,326,500,000 dollar (about £1,448 million) Foreign Aid Bill.

However, a number of those who supported the bill said they would oppose it in the Full Senate if the provision to finance foreign economic development loans by treasury borrowing.—Reuter.

Senators urge N-tests

London, July 24. Two American senators—both Democrats—put the case for the resumption of nuclear testing to a nation-wide British television audience here tonight.

Senator Thomas J. Dodd of Connecticut said on the British Broadcasting Corporation's public affairs programme "Panorama" that tests should have been carried out to perfect the neutron bomb, which has no fall-out.

He said that such a bomb, which could be made to any scale, would make an ideal weapon for Nato and added "we could have tested this revolutionary weapon some time ago."

He held that if the Russians used such a bomb in a clash over Berlin, the West would have to choose between surrender or all-out nuclear war.

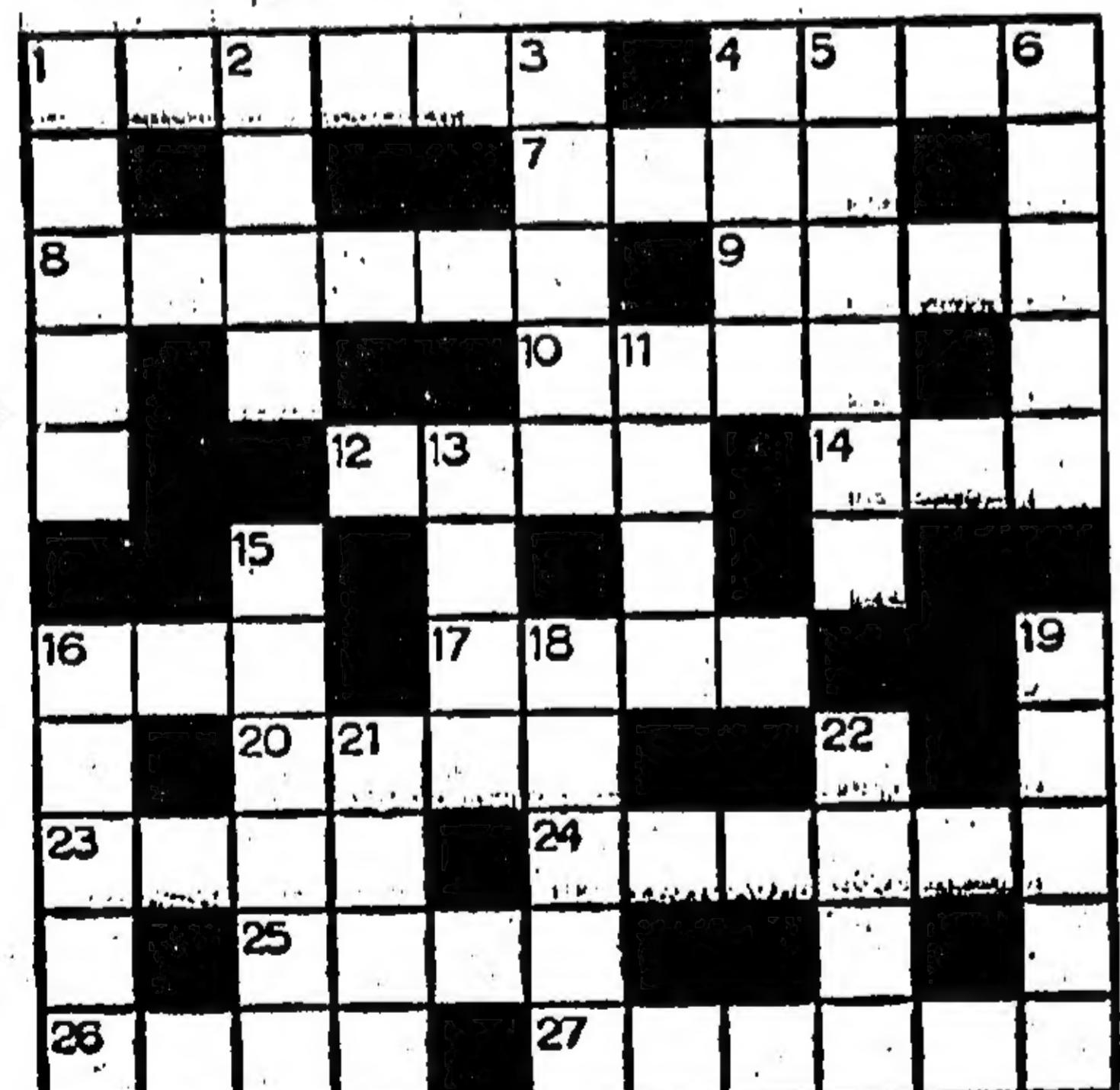
"CHEATING"

Senator Henry Jackson of Washington State said there was every likelihood that the Russians would "cheat"—unless a system of inspection was adopted.

If that could not be attained, he added, then America should resume underground testing, which would cause no fall-out.

Mr David Ormsby-Gore, Britain's Ambassador-designate to the United States, said that the Senators' statements were a fair representation of American military opinion, but that he did not think the Russians had cheated so far by making underground tests.—Reuter.

A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS
1 Big Game.
4 They add up.
7 Indian.
8 Bareback rider.
9 Particle.
10 Capital.
12 Singer.
14 Hurled.
16 Powdered wood!
17 What's the time?
20 Besides.
23 Delight.
24 Got from.
25 Flavour.
26 Speak imperfectly.
27 Dab.

DOWN
1 Well oiled.
2 Divine seats?
3 Begin.
4 Bang.
5 Says something.
6 Simple fellow.
11 Percolate.
13 Statute.
15 Paper on the bed?
16 Heavenly girl.
18 Love's fence.
19 Swell.
21 Jump.
22 Order to shoot.

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD—Across: 1 Crops, 4 Minim, 7 Oil, 9 Misery, 11 Miss, 12 Egg, 13 Reprise, 15 Crumple, 16 Alt, 19 Arch, 20 Reckon, 21 Key, 24 Speak, 25 Leeks, 26 Down, 1 Commercial, 2 Pow, 3 Bir, 5 Nolte, 6 Masterminds, 8 Lyre, 10 Bag, 13 Rap, 14 Pie, 16 Uncle, 17 Lark, 18 Ass, 21 Eel, 22 Aye.

Washington, July 24. The State Department said today the United States had not yet decided whether to recognise Outer Mongolia.

Iraq boycotts Arab League

Cairo, July 24. The head of the Iraq delegation to the Arab League announced today that Iraq would not take part in any League meeting in which Kuwait was represented.

Iraq did not participate today in the Arab League session held to discuss the Franco-Tunisian situation. Thus, although the League nominally has 11 members since the admission of Kuwait, only 10 took part in the meeting.

Iraq has officially informed the League headquarters of its ban on attending future meetings as long as Kuwait—which it claims as a part of Iraq territory, and which has just been given League membership—takes part.

The special envoy sent by Iraqi Premier, General Karim Kassim, Abdel Hussein el Kutbi, left Cairo today for Bagdad, after confirming that Iraq would henceforth take no part in the work of the Arab League council, its political committee, or any of its different organisations.—AFP.

Erasmus accepts new po!

Pratoria, July 24. Mr. F. S. Erasmus, South African Justice Minister, has accepted the appointment of Ambassador to Italy, Dr Hendrik Verwoerd, South African Prime Minister, announced.

He said Mr. Erasmus had accepted the appointment because he felt he would have a less strenuous life than he had in active politics as a Cabinet Minister.

The Johannesburg Sunday Times said today the Minister's appointment as Ambassador to Italy could be "the start of a Cabinet purge."

Mr. Erasmus, who is 65, had long been on Dr Verwoerd's "black list," the paper said.—China Mail Special.

Kennedy asks world to join system

Washington, July 24. President Kennedy today invited all nations to participate in a communications satellite system.

The objective, he said, is to promote the cause of world peace and closer brotherhood among peoples of the world.

In a policy statement, Kennedy said private ownership and operation of the US portion of the system is favoured, provided such ownership and operation meets various requirements he laid down.

GLOBAL BENEFIT

Kennedy said science and technology have progressed to such a degree that communication through the use of space satellites has become possible.

"Through this country's leadership, the competence should be developed for global benefit at the earliest practicable time," Kennedy said.

Communication satellite programmes, both civil and military, still are in the research and development stage.—AP.

Africans slash couple

Nairobi, July 24. A visiting London specialist today carried out an emergency operation here on a young Englishman whose arms had been badly slashed by Africans while out with his fiance.

The man, Geoffrey Barnes, 24, was walking in a park yesterday with 22-year-old Anne Kemp, when three Africans armed with pangas leaped on them from the bushes.

Miss Kemp was also wounded about the arms and taken to hospital.

In another attack on Saturday three Africans pounced on a Coldstream Guardsman, Corporal D. Addison, of Hull, as he was walking back to camp, and left him lying dead by the roadside.—China Mail Special.

Belly dancer and the noblemen

8 JAILED IN SCANDAL TRIAL

Rome, July 24. A Turkish belly dancer today blamed Rome's most publicised strip-tease since the fall of the Roman Empire on some one's nimble fingers—probably those of a nobleman.

"I was preforming an oriental dance," shapely Nana Kalish told the final hearing of the famous "Ragazza" scandal trial, "when she slipped down the zip on my dress."

"With my undulations," she said, "the dress fell to the ground and I—having nothing much else on underneath—was left almost naked. The truth is, that I had drunk a fair amount of wine that evening."

But the judge was not convinced. Miss Kalish, two Princess, a count, a public-relations man and three jazz musicians were jailed for two months for "obscene acts in a public place." A restaurant owner was fined 60,000 lire (\$125) for permitting "unauthorised" dancing on his premises.

LAMP-POST TRAPS DRIVER IN BLAZING CAR



Crowds watched helplessly as a man trapped in his wrecked car was burned to death in Stonegate road, Meanwood, Leeds, this month.

The car, a small saloon, had hit a 25-foot concrete lamp standard; the standard snapped off at the base and crashed down on the roof of the car, crushing it and trapping the driver, who was alone in the car.

Then a spark exploded the petrol tank at the front of the car. Within seconds the vehicle was a sheet of flames, forcing back people who were trying to rescue the driver.

When firemen were at last able to drag the driver clear, he was dead. The firemen came from a station only 400 yards away, and were quickly at the scene, but it was 10 minutes before they could get into the wreckage, pinned down by the lamp-post of death.—London Express Service.

Polish woman spy jailed

Warsaw, July 24. Wanda Nowicka, a Polish woman living in Warsaw, was sentenced to three years in prison by a regional court here today for spying for the U.S. She was "enrolled" by American agents while in Copenhagen in 1958, the court charged. AFP.

SAYS AUSTRALIA WANTS SEAT IN ANY COMMON MARKET TALKS

London, July 24. Sir Eric Harrison, Australia's representative in London, tonight staked a claim for an Australian seat at any conference negotiations Britain may enter with the European Common Market.

The High Commissioner said any link-up between Britain and the Common Market would concern Australia and other members of the Commonwealth, with the problem of protecting their export industries.

"And so, if the United Kingdom decides to enter into negotiations," he said, "I would think that Australia and other Commonwealth countries would want to be present and participate whenever our interests come up."

POLITICS

Sir Eric spoke at a conference of the Victoria League which has provided facilities to Commonwealth visitors in Britain for 60 years. On the political aspects of a British move into Europe, the High Commissioner said:

"It may well be that the United Kingdom will join the Common Market and in doing so will create the third great world power with Great Britain influencing its direction."

He said he would then expect Britain to become more and more engaged outside the British family of nations—and no longer "as free in her relations with the Commonwealth" as in the past.—AP.

THE BERLIN PROBLEM

London, July 24. British Assistant Foreign Secretary, Mr. Edward Heath, said that "the government is considering, in consultation with the allies, all possible methods of settling the Berlin problem."

Labour MP Arthur Henderson had asked if the British Government was going to apply to the United Nations for a peaceful settlement of the Berlin question.

He also asked to what degree the government intended to participate in a proposed 52-power conference on the Berlin problem.

On the second point Mr. Heath replied "It has always been the Government's policy that once an all-German government had been formed, a conference of this nature should take place with a view to concluding a peace treaty with that government."—AFP.

Tunis, July 24. Mr. Dag Hammarskjold, United Nations Secretary-General, flew into Tunis tonight for consultations on Bizerta after a trans-Atlantic dash at President Bourguiba's request.

He described his mission as "a matter of the highest urgency" but declined to disclose his plans or opinions until he had met Mr. Bourguiba. It was his duty to relieve "all problems that can be solved," he said.

Nearly 48 hours after fighting stopped in battered Bizerta there was a potentially explosive situation there with French and Tunisian troops still occupying the positions they held at the midnight ceasefire on Saturday night.

Exodus

A massive exodus of Tunisian and French civilians was under way.

Efforts to produce meetings between Bizerta naval base commander, Admiral Maurice Arman, and the Tunisian Governor of Bizerta Town, Mr. Mohammed Ben Ameur, to discuss the next step were in an impasse.

Planeloads of Tunisian troops were arriving at Tunis airport as Tunisians repatriated their United Nations contingent from the Congo. Cairo reports announced the Arab League pledged to send a first contingent of volunteers from Arab countries in the next few days and said others would follow later.

The Tunisian news agency TAP reported today that French warships were landing troop reinforcements at Cap Blanc, eight kilometres from Bizerta. The report was denied in Paris where it was stated no reinforcements had been sent since the fighting ceased.

Agreed

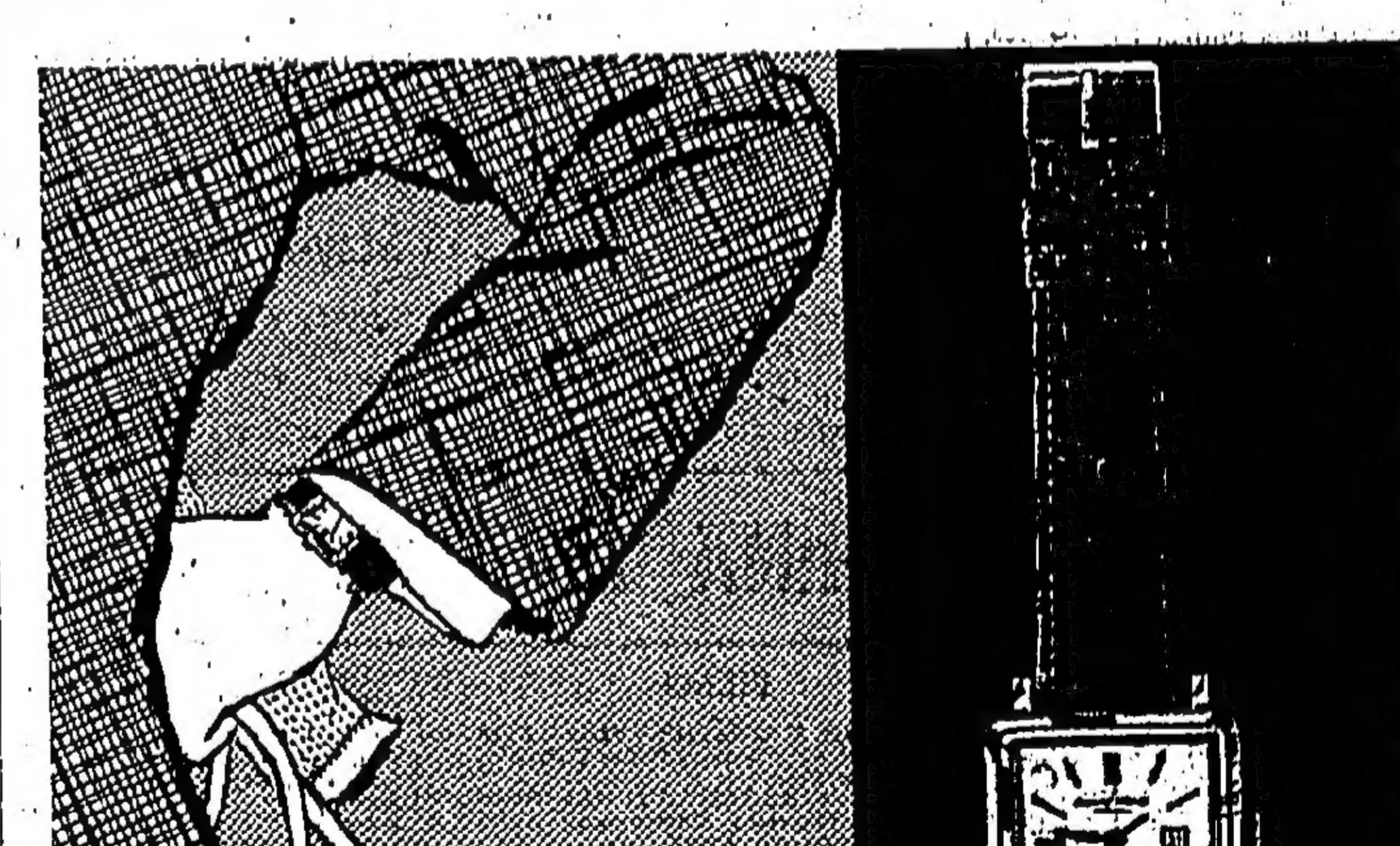
Only conciliatory signs today were an announcement that Tunisia has agreed to Switzerland looking after French interests in Tunisia, following the break in Franco-Tunisian diplomatic relations, while Sweden performs the same service for Tunisia in France.

A bus of Frenchmen leaving Tunisia remained in force today, but France lifted a similar ban on Tunisians leaving France for Tunisia.—Reuter.

Youth steps out

Ten apprentices completed a 936-mile John o'Groats to Land's End relay run in 123hr. 42min.

All are from Luton.—London Express Service.



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INDIAN TOWELS in snow white,
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14 x 22 \$1.25; 22 x 41 £1.50;
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reduced at Tyers Summer Sale.

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ous broken radiators, tables,
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size-ful-size, can-can, gowns, baby
gowns, etc. at Tyers Summer Sale.

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are cleared at \$4.00 (usual price
\$7.00). Tyers 31A Pottinger Street.

DAN RIVER SHEETS colour green
only 72 x 108 \$12.00 each.
Bullock's set \$7.00 ea. Plastic covers
\$2.00 each. Tyers Summer covers \$2.00
each at Tyers Sale.

THIS WEEK'S OFFER in Sennet
Fitter Gloucester Arcade window:
One diamond solitaire 1.25 ct. fine
and white gold setting. Price \$2,000.
Offered for \$1,000.

ODGEN WATER PURIFIER offers
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without purging. Get "Antiper"
Elixir (not by children) or tablet
and tablets.

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weight. Improve circulation, well
in surgery by Meurs, Wood &
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10:00 a.m. on Wednesday, 18th and
19th. All our clients are requested
to be present during surgery.

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Arrived 2nd July, 1961.

Damaged cargo on this vessel will
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Brown at Kowloon Godown at
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19th. All our clients are requested
to be present during survey.

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DOCTOR NEED
NOT TELL,
JUDGE RULES

London.—A SURGEON is entitled to rely on the co-operation of a patient.

If the patient fails to keep an appointment the surgeon should not be held responsible for the consequences, said Mr Justice Havers in the High Court the other day.

He dismissed a damages claim by 42-year-old Mrs Johannah Waters, mother of six children, of Queen's-road, West, Birmingham, who gave birth to a stillborn child 14 months after a sterilisation operation performed because her heart condition made child bearing dangerous.

She sued the surgeon, Mr Lindsay Morgan Park, of Selly Oak Hospital, Birmingham, who denied negligence.

Three in 1,000 risk

Mrs Waters complained that the surgeon failed to tell her that after the type of operation he chose because of her heart condition there would remain a small risk of pregnancy—between three and six in 1,000.

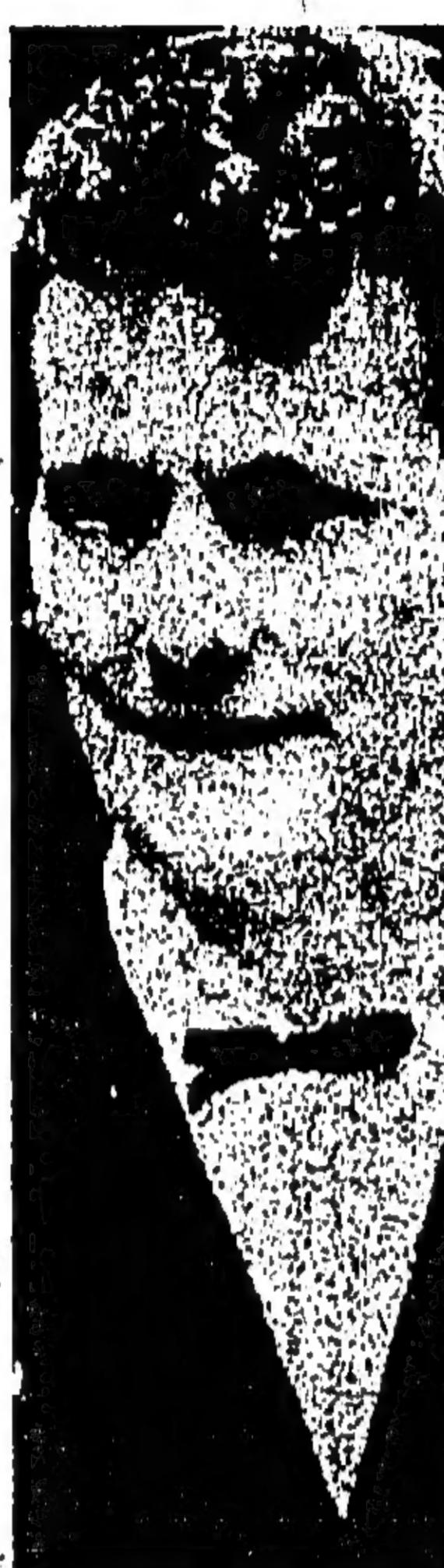
The judge said that there had been hot controversy between medical witnesses whether to tell or not to tell when there was only a very small risk of the operation not being fully effective.

One view was that to withhold the warning was unfair to the patient; the other was that it was better for a heart patient to enjoy the peace of mind which resulted from confidence in the success of the operation. "A surgeon does not fall short of the proper standards of the profession if, in circumstances such as these, he does not tell the patient that there is a slight risk."

Appointment

"If I am right that there was no such warning of Mr Park, he did not commit any breach of duty, even though it was his normal practice to tell patients."

He was satisfied that Mrs Waters was given an appointment card to see Mr Park about six weeks after her discharge



MRS. WATERS

sterilisation or advice as to the use of contraceptives. Great care has to be taken in this hospital so as not give offence to the nurses."—London Express Service.

Strip clubs
lose appeal

London.—The appeals by Paul Raymond and Samuel Bloom against convictions for keeping disorderly houses at striptease clubs in London were dismissed the other day.

Paul Raymond—real name Geoffrey Anthony Quinn—was fined £500 with £525 costs at London Sessions in April.

Bloom, who was fined £2,500 in February, said after the hearing: "I am getting out of this business."

Stay-at-home Jags

Fifty-four E-type Jaguars were issued for the home market the other day. Until now they have been for export only. — London Express Service.

Mr. Park . . . not negligent

from hospital, and that he intended telling her then of the slight risk of pregnancy.

"There were reasons which made it impracticable for Mr Park to tell Mrs Waters in the ward. This was an extremely congested ward, with no sort of privacy."

"A number of nurses and patients are of the Roman Catholic faith, and they, on conscientious grounds, will not tolerate any sort of operation for

privacy."

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"I will do such things—what they are, yet I know not—but they shall be the Terrors of the Earth."

—KING LEAR, ACT 2, SCENE IV.

London Express Service.

Out to the bookshops go a million extra copies of his novels

Eight 'Doctor' books—but will Richard Gordon write a ninth?

BEYOND doubt, the gleaming yellow Aston Martin was the most splendid vehicle in the car park at the Oval reserved for members of the Surrey County Cricket Club. Its presence implied the interest of a property tycoon's favourite son in the fortunes of Surrey.

In fact, it belonged to a doctor, and not to one who would claim to have scaled the peaks of the profession. Indeed, this doctor has not received a penny either from the Health Service or any private patient for eight years.

His name is Gordon Ostler. He is better known as Richard Gordon. He is the man who writes those *Doctor in Love* and *Doctor at Sea* books which are now in their second decade of fantastic success.

Problems for translator

These books (seven "Doctor" novels, plus *The Captain's Table*) have sold 1,500,000 hard-back copies at 10s. and 12s. 6d. each.

To Mr Gordon, that cannot mean less than £100,000. The figure is probably doubled by film rights, foreign translations (including Japanese, which posed problems for the translator of the naughty medical jingles he sometimes puts in his books), and book club rights.

All of which explains the Astor Martin and why Mr Gordon can take things easy in the Oval pavilion when the greater part of the population is toiling to redress the balance of payments.

I had gone to the Oval (the rendezvous firmly specified by Mr Gordon) to talk to him about a very remarkable event in his career as an author: an event which is almost without precedent in the publishing business.

Recently no fewer than 1,000,000 extra copies of his books started going into the shops.

Mr Gordon is going into the paperback business. Penguins are publishing four of his most successful books—*Doctor in the House*, *Doctor at Large*, *Doctor at Sea*, and *Doctor in Love*—at 3s. 6d. each. The print in each case is 250,000.

There can be little doubt that they will go out of the shops almost as fast as they go in.

Small, but—

Author's royalties on paperbacks are small and variable, but a million at any price makes money. The doctor's fee for this little coup could work out at around £5,000.

But when I tried to inveigle Mr Gordon into a general discussion of this and his general success as an author, he peered intently through his binoculars and said the chap this end was making 'em swing a bit.

Mr Gordon is a shy little man; just turned 40, and his hairline is beginning to move back.

He could have been a middle-aged civil servant catching up with overdue holidays by having a day at cricket.

When luncheon came we did not go to the dining room. He dined under the seat, produced

THE BOOK PAGE

by DAVID SANDERS

an ex-W.D. khaki haversack, and extracted from it two heaps of salmon sandwiches prepared by his wife.

He is still on the medical register ("Somerset Maugham and I are both allowed to deliver babies") and wants to stay on it.

He retains much of the doctor's reticence, and I had the impression that he was worried in case the man behind us was a mark from the General Medical Council.

Astonishing

Not from him, but from the reference books, I learned that his pre-authorship career had produced an astonishing assortment of letters after his name: M.A., M.B., B.Chr. (Camb.), F.F.A.R.C.S., D.A. The last two indicate that he is a Fellow of the Faculty of Anaesthetists, Royal College of Surgeons, and holds the Diploma in Anaesthesia.

To start medical training in 1939 presupposed some financial backing from the family. Gordon's parents were able to provide that backing. After attending several private boarding schools, he went to Selwyn College, Cambridge, and then to Barts.

Gordon was never a general practitioner. After his training he became an anaesthetist at Barts (in those *Doctor* films he sometimes appears, completely gone mad, and masked, as is now Gordon's writing room).

The house was largely demolished when he and his wife took it

Winners

Then those first two books became fantastic winners. Which explains why Gordon's entry in Who's Who contains the passage: "Left, medical practice in 1952." And why that same publication now lists

the same name as his hobby.

"I just don't know what I shall be writing in five years time," he said.

Perhaps the sign of things to come is the fact that this little man has created two medical characters outside the walls of Barts. He had given that doughty doctor Sir Lancelot Spratt, a pair of brothers—a ship's captain and a Q.C.

There were plenty of left-overs from *Doctor at Sea* for the captain. And Gordon has been visiting the Law Courts to formulate ideas on the Q.C.

Gordon is rather annoyed

about this book. He normally writes one book a year, working steadily throughout the winter.

It is trite and fashionable to blame the shop steward. But it must be said that some of the most able and dynamic shop stewards in the whole of British industry are in motor-cars.

Some of them are so able that they would be a natural choice for full-time jobs in the trades unions... if only the unions were sensible enough to pay their officials properly.

But the unions don't. And so these top-grade shop stewards are not naturally disposed to recognise any superiority in a full-time union official who earns less than they do.

"TALK, talk, talk." The impatient mutter was not meant to be heard. But the acoustics of West London Magistrates' Court are good and there was a perceptible tautening in the already alert feel of the room.

Mr Eric Guest has a reputation for impatience with those he thinks should know better. In this case, a police sergeant had been giving unnecessarily

long-winded evidence from the witness box.

Mr Guest has another reputation. He is said to have the keenest legal brain among the stipendiary magistrates of London.

Certainly law students and police cadets and his swift yet painstaking judgments most impressive instruction in what the magistrates calls "cheap justice."

Leaning back against his red velvet cushion—the only touch of colour in the usual drab courtroom—Guest's fine features, his resonant voice and his strong presence give him the air of a particularly intelligent pharaoh.

By Tom Pocock

In court, the work—hearing anything up to 100 cases a day—is exhausting, but Guest has told friends that the interest never flags because, even after spending 15 of his 58 years at West London, he is still learning.

It might be thought that the district from which offenders are netted into this courtroom—Fulham, Hammersmith and parts of Kensington and Chiswick—is not so exciting as, say, Soho or Stepney. Yet this is the flavour of this quarter of London has become increasingly foreign and this is reflected in the courtroom inhabitants.

United, it seems a lonely figure. He is a consensus that is almost must be judges and jury men more often than not, pass sentence. Thus, outside the courtroom, he must keep his personal contacts with the police to a minimum, working mostly through his clerks and probation officers.

Each morning Guest walks the mile from his house off Kensington High Street to the court near Olympia. Lunch is usually sandwiched in his office and then a few minutes relaxing in a quilted leather armchair.

Lonely

Gazing down on the court, he seems a lonely figure. He is. He is a consensus that is almost must be judges and jury men more often than not, pass sentence.

Now I've got to do it in the summer—with the Australians here too. If, by any chance, he does not finish it, I do not imagine it will cause any financial crisis in the Gordon household.

I said goodbye to him at the Aston Martin. It is a status symbol to rouse the envy of any author.

But not his only one. As we walked through the pavilion Peter May said hello to him. Peter May said hello to him.

London Express Service.

As Britain's car industry slips out of gear

SHALL WE NEVER GET RID OF THE L-PLATES?

HOW happy we were that afternoon in April, when Jim Matthews for the trades unions and Geoffrey Rootes for the car makers said in turn: "We've found the secret of peace in the motor industry."

And the Minister of Labour, sitting between them, nodded his approval. How happy everyone was—and how wrong!

For that was 15 weeks ago and peace has not come to the motor industry.

by TREVOR EVANS

What's gone wrong? It would be more accurate to ask what's stayed wrong.

To ask why, so far as peace in the industry is concerned both sides are still wearing their L-plates.

For back in April Mr Matthews and Mr Rootes agreed that one of the most important ways to peace in their industry was "reducing causes of friction on the shop floor."

Where does this friction come from? And why are the car workers so sensitive to it?

They are comparatively highly paid. Their average earnings are £17 13s. a week. Nearly 90,000 (of the 218,000 in the industry) earn more than £21,000 a year. They are among the aristocrats of manual workers.

And high wages produce an attitude of mind in whose value is recognised that any extra pay day resents any suggestion that he is being pushed around.

Among such men, someone who says, "They can't treat us this way," gets a ready audience.

It would indeed be a bold author who turned his back on the sort of success that Gordon has achieved with his well-tried formula, but I go! the impression that he is thinking there might come a time when he will decide that enough is enough.

He told me that the element of invented humour, as opposed to that derived from personal experience, is increasing with each book.

"I just don't know what I shall be writing in five years time," he said.

Perhaps the sign of things to come is the fact that this little man has created two medical characters outside the walls of Barts. He had given that doughty doctor Sir Lancelot Spratt, a pair of brothers—a ship's captain and a Q.C.

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Reluctance

It is trite and fashionable to blame the shop steward. But it must be said that some of the most able and dynamic shop stewards in the whole of British industry are in motor-cars.

Some of them are so able that they would be a natural choice for full-time jobs in the trades unions... if only the unions were sensible enough to pay their officials properly.

But the unions don't. And so these top-grade shop stewards are not naturally disposed to recognise any superiority in a full-time union official who earns less than they do.

Ironic

Yet agreements made have been subsequently repudiated or undermined by sections of the workers on the job.

The weak link here is between union bosses and their followers.

Obviously the strain on Fords' patience has begun to tell.

It is ironic that, while Fords' factory has never been free from a strike of some sort for more than three days in the last three months, another American-owned plant has a full-time record of any car firm in Britain.

Friction

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For it is the workers who

suffer most who lose now,

and who in the long run will suffer

if strikes affect the sales of the

cars they make.

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WOMANSENSE

JACOBY
on BRIDGE

A WISCONSIN reader writes. "After my partner jumped to four hearts, I asked for nines. He showed two and I went to six. Unfortunately for us, West opened a diamond and they had two tricks in before I could get started. My partner said that I should have stopped at five, but I read in your

NORTH (D)	9
▲ AK 10 7 6 5	
▼ K 10 5 4	
♦ 8 3	
◆ A	
WEST	EAST
▲ Q 9 8	▲ J 2
♦ A K 10 4	♦ 9 3 2
◆ 8 7 6 5 2	◆ 10 9 5 4
SOUTH	
▲ 4 3	
♦ A Q J 8 7 6	
◆ 6 5	
◆ K Q J	
East and West vulnerable	
North East South West	
1 ♠ Pass 2 ♠ Pass	
4 ♦ Pass 4 N.T.	
5 ♣ Pass 6 ♣ Pass	
Pass Pass	
Opening lead: ♦ K	

column that a Blackwood bidder should always go to six if his partner's response shows that the combined hands hold three aces. How about it?"

He certainly quotes me correctly. When you use Blackwood you should definitely intend to bid six if your side holds three aces, but he overlooks something else.

It is most important that you never use Blackwood when you have a worthless doubleton. In an unbid suit, South had those two little diamonds and if he wanted to try for a slam he should simply have bid five hearts over North's four.

This would give North a chance to use his own judgment and with those two little diamonds of his own North's judgment would surely lead to a pass.

♦ CARD Sense ♦

Q—The bidding has been: West North East South 1 ♠ Pass 2 ♠ You, South, hold? K 9 8 W A 7 6 4 5 3 2

What do you do?

A—Bid two hearts. You are going to game eventually, but there just may be a slam somewhere.

TODAY'S QUESTION

You do bid two hearts and your partner bids three spades. What do you do now?

Answer Tomorrow

"ZSA ZSA GABOR is one of my best friends," said the cosy American lady wearing the thick lenses at lunch the other day.

"And d'you know, no man

can ever believe it? Why are men so dense about our friendships? Why can't they ever believe that a glamour girl can have friends of her own sex—that, for some, her claws are permanently withdrawn?"

Conclusion

With typical American shrewdness, the lady had thrown a disconcerting searchlight onto a sticky problem . . . and with typical

American adroitness, too, she had then left the girls round the table to chew it over.

"Why are men generally so impossible about our girl friends, glamorous or otherwise?" we mused.

Especially when we complicated each other, irritable about even our shortest telephone calls, we came to the honest conclusion most of them were convinced that at our private tête-à-tête we talked about nothing other than their good or bad selves—as the case may be.

It was funny to think that in my teen days I believed men had a greater capacity for true friendship than women.

Few would accept the fact that women could gain enjoyment from discussing the best way to make *consonne en gelée* . . . the works of Dostoevski or how to win back statistics that had once been attractively vital.

The wool was pulled right over my unsuspecting eyes by lots of noisy, jolly camaraderie over drinking mugs, the slapping on the back, and the mordit, but apparently mutually satisfying silence that occurred when men met male and switched on for the latest Test score.

that badly, and it's a warm, satisfying feeling.

Unfortunately, I don't think the same could be said for many men and their charms. They may be too shy, too afraid of pushing in, but at the first sign of disaster I doubt if they'd rally round in the same comforting way as a woman undoubtedly would.

Look how Darlene Hard gave up her Wimbledon to stay by the side of champion Maria Bueno who had jaundice.

Loyalty, after all, is a woman's strongest suit—but she has to like you first to give it.

As a man who his best friend is and he will procrastinate for hours. As a woman and you'll be bound to get a name—or names—back immediately.

Mistake

Until I left behind the days of having just one "bosom" friend myself, I had almost envied the boisterous affection that could sweep through crowds of young men, all linked by an intense preoccupation with sport—whatever one it happened to be.

It wasn't until I exchanged my one friend for a collection of special charms that I realised my mistake, understood that often underneath so much heartiness was just a threadbare relationship, easily stamped in the first over.

Today, dear to my heart, are my girl friends. I treasure them, even if I only get around to meeting them once or twice a month.

All hokey, of course.

I know that each one of them would drop anything or anyone (except the baby) to rush to my aid if I needed help.

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Beware . . .

For instance, I rang round an assorted group of girls and without hesitation, they were delighted to tell me about their marvellous dear, best friends.

One more thing our precious friendships have taught us and that is to beware the woman without girl friends. Gorgeous or not, she cannot afford this sort of reputation . . . a man can be a lone wolf; a woman never can, she'll always need a girl friend at some time or another.

Can it be that girls are a girl's best friend?

* * * SHIRLEY LORD *

on every woman's wavelength

FROM HAREM SLAVE TO MODEL



Would you let your husband spend £1,300 on his clothes?

by Jill Cory-Smith

WHAT does it cost to be well dressed? A woman manages it on what she pares from the housekeeping money. A man needs anything from £264 to £1,340 to "maintain a good standard of dress."

And before you throw your husband's thrice-earned wages at me, let me say that both figures and quote come from the British Wholesale Clothing Manufacturers' Federation—the people who make 80 per cent of all men's clothing sold in Britain.

The federation put on display three wardrobes of mere "basic requirements" for the men in our lives. They pinpointed in particular the company director, the young executive, the bachelor

suggest, If you are set on marrying their brand of bachelor there won't be very much room left in the cupboard. His 'n' Hers wardrobe for YOUR clothes. It will be crammed to its walnut veneer with—

TWO formal suits, ONE light-weight suit, ONE country suit, One dinner jacket, TWO sports jackets, FOUR pairs of casual trousers, ONE pair of pyjamas, THIRTY-SIX ties, FIFTEEN pairs of socks, NINE shirts, SIX sports shirts, EIGHTEEN handkerchiefs, SIX pairs of shoes.

ONE cummerbund . . . and more miscellaneous accessories than a model girl owns.

This little lot is estimated to set him back £381, so if your girl must never expect any of those old-fashioned niceties of life—dinners a deux, roses after a row, a seat in the stalls, or all that jazz. After all, the poor boy's clearing bill must top £3 a week.

All the poor, bowdlerised Beau Brummell is looking for is an

honest-to-goodness wardrobe-mistress.

And the wardrobe will contain Sixteen suits, one hunting outfit (quarry unspecified), six pairs of pyjamas, 24 pairs of socks, 36 handkerchiefs, two fancy waistcoats, six scarves, 48 pairs of mittens.

I asked a spokesman of the federation why a company chairman needed mittens. He said: "For protecting his fingers."

Incidentally, Mrs Sharp once had the oddest hobby. She told me she just loved getting engaged. She didn't want to marry anybody," she said. "But once engaged out-of-season when fun was at a low ebb, I received at least a few flowers now and again.

"Then I met Jess Sharp—we got engaged and I didn't really intend to marry him. But after a month he said: 'Well, I guess we'll get married today. It's now or never.'

"I was so surprised. I just agreed."

—London Express Services.

SUPPOSE . . .

LEAVE the dishes in the sink, madam, and lay out his Five suits, two town hats, one country cap, 24 ties, 17 shirts, four pairs of pyjamas, two scarves, 12 pairs of socks, and enough handkerchiefs to hold the main brace.

And suppose—just suppose—

one balmy summer night when the moon is high and the wine is sparkling you meet that millionaire. You can stop baying your eyelids, laying on the sex appeal, and anticipating a fate worse than death.

All the poor, bowdlerised Beau

Brummell is looking for is an

bracelet with all these facts I realise what has been holding my man back.

For, to re-phrase the famous slogan, you've gotta get: One boy looper, four country caps, and a couple of town hats to get ahead.

—London Express Services.

HIS HATS

STORIES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Knarf And Dunkle

—They Go For A Brick Walk In The Park

By MAX TRELL

IT being a pleasant sunny day and a very cheerful even though it was the middle of the winter, Knarf, the Shadow Boy with the Turned-About Name, went for a walk with Dunkle, the black Poodle. Dunkle was a Lady-Poodle.

Stepped and nodded

As they walked down the street several Gentlemen Dogs—Mr. Tom Terrier, Mr. Angus Scottie, Mr. Terrier, Mr. Dachshund and several others—all stopped and nodded and said

"How do you do?"

"It's nice to have friends," Dunkle said to Knarf.

"Are Dogs more polite than Cats?" Knarf asked Dunkle.

"Now that's a hard question," answered Dunkle on the walk along. "I'll tell you. Cats are polite to other Cats than they are to Dogs, and Dogs are more polite to other Dogs than they are to Cats. But Cats and Dogs aren't polite at all to one another."

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FAME in their FISTS PART THREE

HE WAS THE MICHIGAN ASSASSIN...

The poleaxe puncher who tricked Jack Johnson

Stanley Ketchel was the greatest middle-weight of all. He was the first boxer to knock down the famous Jack Johnson. But his violent career ended with a bullet when he was only 23

The bar of the garish Honky-tonk Eldorado saloon in wide-open Butte, Montana, was jammed with thirsty customers—prospectors, gamblers, husky miners from the nearby copper fields. The din of their voices vied with the blaring ragtime beat of a four-piece orchestra.

Suddenly, a woman's scream lanced thin and high through the hubbub. The cry of distress came from "Goldie" Smith, the pert, high-kicking dancing and singing blonde who was the saloon's star cabaret turn.

A bearded giant, erged on by four other whooping toughs, had grabbed her by the waist and was wrestling furiously with her on the dance floor.

At "Goldie's" screech of alarm, the saloon bouncer, who regarded the provocative Queen of the Eldorado, chucks line as his special property, came charging through the suddenly silent crowd.

But someone else had moved even faster.

With two tigerish strides, a tall, beagle-looking writer sprang, fist flailing, at "Goldie's" towering tormentor.

Stanislaus Ketchel was his name and with one poleaxe punch he sprawled the drunken bully in the sawdust.

WILDCAT RUSH

Another wildcat rush by the youthful, white-aproned stripling—he was just 16 and weighed under 11 stone—blasted in blows with maniac fury.

Then, as the crazy music ended as abruptly as it had begun in a whirl of his and falling bodies, an astonished gasp broke from the onlookers.

On the floor, curling, moaning, out just out stone cold, lay five powerful men, including the bouncer.

The patrons of that smoky, ill-lit, sprawling Butte saloon way back in 1903 did not know then, but they had just been given their first glimpse of an untamed fighting animal who, in seven hectic years, was to curse world-wide fame with his fists—before dying as violently as he had lived by a murderer's bullet at the age of 23.

Indeed, the story of STANLEY KETCHEL, born Stanislaus Klecak of Polish parents in Grand Rapids, Michigan, is so fantastic it could come only from the lurid and incredible half-world of boxing.

RAN AWAY

HOW, as a neglected, unhappy kid he ran away from home, starved, rode the railroads, and dreamed of toiling a gun and roping wild broncos.

HOW, after years of roaming the West, with his backbone often his only mistress, he came to Butte where, as a dim sequel to that bar-room brawl, he turned professional and began the tortuous climb to the middle-weight championship of the world.

In his first fight with gloves he met a local "knock-out" king called Jack Tracey. This took place on a stage in Butte and the wily Tracey had an accomplice hidden behind a threadbare curtain at the back.

Whenever an opponent's head touched this spot, the man behind the curtain hit the bulge with a sledge.

But Ketchel, then a raw novice, at 17, had an outside chance of luck working for him on this first outing.

By accident more than design he crowded the surprised Tracey back against the curtain. As the latter's head touched the worn draperies the invisible stocking full of sand whistled down and Ketchel had won in 30 seconds flat.

FEROCIOUS

In spite of this comedy start to his professional career, the boy from Grand Rapids soon proved that there was nothing remotely funny about being on the receiving end of those terrible Ketchel fists.

In his first 17 fights he scored 13 knock-outs. In 30 bouts and 24 rounds of berserk slugging he stiffened 33 rivals.

The epitome of fluid savagery as he softened up his victims with ferocious body slams, he brought his own referee into the crude ring of those times—a tremendous right which finished the job.

During this period his constant companion was "Goldie." Although years older, she had fallen passionately in love with the handsome, dare-devil Ketchel.

But their love was to last longer than his. For Ketchel soon grew tired of her. He also grew tired of the dust and dirt of Butte.

And one day in 1907, despite the protests of a petulant, weeping "Goldie" who pleaded

Sensation—the great champion was down

to be taken along too, the one-time nickel-and-dime writer set off solo for California to win the world title and his fortune.

Soon the blonde sweetheart of far-off Butte was forgotten. For it was out there, in the sun and warmth of America's roistering West coast that Ketchel, with his flaring eyes and brutal mouth, became a veritable twister of destruction.

In the ring he fought like a spitting jaguar. Scoring down

one of Ketchel's greatest battles was against Joe Thomas in San Francisco. Fought against the surrealistic backdrop of a terrific thunder-storm, Ketchel, with his relentless, bone-crushing attacks, seemed to the awed ring-siders like a fighter straight out of hell.

As Ketchel, at the start of the fight, extended his hand in the

lashed down, and the ring was

accepted manner to tap gloves, Papke landed a snaké right straight between the eyes.

The blow so blinded the champion that he never recovered, being knocked out, despite an amazing display of courage, in the 12th round.

HIS REVENGE

But Ketchel was not one to forget or forgive an injury. From the moment he lost the championship he lived for revenge. He could not rest until he got Papke into the ring again.

And when he did—a month later in San Francisco—he bashed at his arch-enemy, between gritted teeth and the bell sounded the first round.

"Have your eyes wide open in the 11th round—because

Twenty times the game and infuriated Thomas belted Ketchel himself to the floor. For nearly 2½ hours the bloodshed and punishment went on.

Then, in the 32nd round, Ketchel, summoning his last remnants of strength, caught Thomas to the canvas.

It was all over. One more Ketchel victim lay draped on the ground, cold and twitching.

But Ketchel's most unbelievable fight—the fight which wrote his name in the record books in indelible letters—was one he lost.

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FANS GO WILD AT AIRPORT A TRIBAL GREETING FOR SINGER PAT BOONE

By CARL MYATT

Deep in the Brazilian jungle there exists a war-like Indian tribe whose strange customs and rituals have set them apart from other such tribes in the region. Perhaps the most weird of their many customs is the manner in which they welcome back a tribal member after a long journey. The men of the tribe give forth with a sort of warbling wail — which sounds like a half-sob, half-cry.

I've heard this strange greeting twice. Yesterday I heard it again — or a sound so similar in nature it was hard to distinguish the difference. I heard it right here in Hongkong at Kai Tak airport. It was the welcome Pat Boone received from hundreds of his fans as he stepped out of the car which had brought him from the plane. Pat, a little wary of crowds after some of the experiences he has been through, looked around, surveyed the scene, saw that everything was under control and then smiled that easy, friendly smile that has endeared him to all his many fans. That just about did it.

APPLAUSE

The tentative warbling sound gave way to sustained applause and more cheering as the singer inched his way through the crowd, smiling, signing autographs, talking to teenagers in the crowd. Despite all this, he found enough time to see that a little blind girl, caught in the crush, was in difficulties, and went to her aid.

It had taken him three hours to fly thousands of miles. At the airport it took him three quarters of an hour to travel 50 yards from the restaurant entrance into the press room.

All the time he retained a winsome, always well-mannered, the most cynical of newsmen had changed some hitherto formed opinions at the end of the interview.

This was in part due to Pat's manager Jack Spina, a hard working professional who saw to it that everyone in the press room — broadcasters as well as the press — had a chance to speak to Pat.

Two hours after his arrival, Pat left the press room and made his way through the airport restaurant's kitchen and on to the BOAC bus which took him to his hotel.

Next came an invitation to a dinner at the Japanese room of the State Restaurant — an invitation which the singer accepted with alacrity, despite the fact that he hadn't had any sleep for over 48 hours and had been travelling most of that time.

CROWDS

Again there were the crowds waiting for him outside the State. And again he had to make his entrance rather discreetly, this time through the kitchen and the service lift.

After a ten-course Chinese meal during which he demonstrated his skill with the chopsticks, Pat was invited by Mr Jimmy Lee, owner of the State Restaurant, to go down to the nightclub where a host of his fans were waiting to make a presentation to him.

The nightclub was bedlam itself. The story had apparently leaked out that Pat was going to be present, and the place was jammed. In less time than it takes to wink an eye, the table he was sitting at was surrounded. Flash bulbs exploded all around until you could hardly see. In the midst of this chaos, only Pat remained calm and unflustered.

When things had quieted down a little, he went on the band stand and addressed the crowd. He received a gift of a hand-carved ivory pagoda from Theresa Wong, President of one of his fan clubs. In Hongkong, and just about made it the most memorable evening of her young life when he kissed her on the cheek. That was about as much as she could stand. She left the table almost in tears.

EXIT

Later, it was another hasty exit, through the rear entrance, this time with Inspect Jack Heyward, leading the way through the crowd. Next came a quick trip up the Peak to see the lights of the town, before Pat and his weary party of friends left for their hotel.

It had been a hectic and full day. Pat came out of it unruled and from appearances, he looked as though he could have gone on all night. The slightly older members of his entourage were beginning to feel the strain, and they must have been glad to get



This picture explains itself — Pat Boone has just arrived. Photographs by Frank Fischbeck.

back to their hotel. Later this afternoon the group left for Manila and a series of performances at the Araneta Coliseum.

At 27, and after almost seven years in the entertainment business, Pat Boone still remains as charming and unspoiled as when he first broke into the business.

He still retains that simple boy-next-door look, and the easy mannerisms that helped bring him to the top of the entertainment world. He is natural, spontaneous in his conversation, and the complete gentleman.

CASUAL

Pat has long been one of the leaders of the fashion-conscious younger set in the United States.

He specializes in the casual look; the Ivy League look, and yesterday, he did nothing to break this illusion. He stepped

off the plane in a sports shirt, polished cotton slacks and white sneakers. Incidentally, he almost became his trade mark.

The record that launched Pat Boone to fame and fortune was the tune "Two Hearts".

RECORDS

It became a best seller overnight. But what makes a true artist is not the first disc, but the second and third. If these sell reasonably well, then it means success. What happened after "Two Hearts"?

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